

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,  
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely  
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,  
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

*Ophe.* He hath my Lord of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection, puh, you speake like a Greene girle  
Vnsifted in such perillous circumstance,  
Doe you beliete his tenders as you call them?

*Ophe.* I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

*Pol.* Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie  
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay  
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely  
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrasie  
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.

*Ophe.* My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue  
In honorable fashion.

*Pol.* I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

*Ophe.* And hath giuen countenance to his speech  
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

*Pol.* I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe  
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule  
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter  
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both  
Euen in their promise, as it is a making  
You must not take for fire, from this time  
Be something scantier of your maiden presence  
Set your intreatments at a higher rate  
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord Hamlet,  
Belieue so much in him that he is young,  
And with a larger tider may he walke  
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,  
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers  
Not of that die which their inuestments shoue  
But meere implorators of vnholie suites  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds  
The better to beguide: this is for all,  
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time forth

Haue

## Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you so slaunder any moment leasure  
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,  
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.  
*Ophe.* I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

*Hor.* It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

*Ham.* What houre now?

*Hor.* I thinke it lackes of twelfe.

*Mar.* No, it is strooke.

*Hor.* Indeepe; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of trumpets*  
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*

*Ham.* The King doth wake to night and takes his rowle.  
Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:  
And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,  
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custome?

*Ham.* I marry ist;

But to my minde, though I am natie heere  
And to the manner borne, it is a custome  
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.  
This heauy headed reueale east and west  
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,  
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrasie  
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes  
From our archieuevements, though perform'd at height  
The pith and marrow of our attribute,  
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them  
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,  
(Since nature cannot choose his origia)  
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion  
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,  
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens  
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men  
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

D.

Being